

New Girl on the Block by [harrysaintlaurent](#)

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Summary:

Being the new kid on the block is always tough, even Billy new that.

Being the new kid and falling for Billy Hargrove is even tougher.

On the first day of school, its tradition for the previous new kid, to show the next new kid around. Of course, Billy doesn't live up to this role, but instead does things his way.

1. Chapter One

Author's Note:

So I have this all planned out, but if no one's particularly interested I might just forget that this ever happened.

"But why can't you just show me around?"

"That's not how it works here, the previous 'new kid' has to show you around," Annie explained, leading me toward the reception desk. After knowing her for all of two days, she was already the only friend that I had made. "I know it's stupid, I'm sure you can just flunk it." She shrugged, waving to a group of girls that sauntered past us in a hurry.

"Do you know who it's gonna be?" I asked, already nervous at the prospect of not knowing.

Again, Annie shrugged. "I have a feeling I do, but I can't be sure and I don't want to worry you."

"What?!" The panic began to sink in, who on earth could be bad enough that I would need to be worried?

Handing over the paperwork to the receptionist that I was told to bring, she barely cast it a glance as she set it atop a pile of other unsorted papers. Flicking the switch below the microphone, she announced over the tannoy "Billy Hargrove to reception."

I turned my head to look at Annie, was that a bad thing?

Judging by the look on her face, I had every reason to be worried.

"Look," she said calmly, placing a hand on my arm, "It'll be fine. I'll meet you in third and then we can get lunch, sound good?" I nodded, forcing a smile. As if it wasn't bad enough being thrown into my fourth new school this year, the unsettled feeling in my stomach was getting even worse.

"I've gotta buzz, but I'll see you in a few hours, okay?"

“See you in a bit,” I smiled, mainly to try and calm myself down, if anything.

As soon as Annie had turned the corner, I let out a sigh, leaning back against the wall. I rested my head back, closing my eyes for a few moments.

It's going to be fine. You're going to be home before you know it. You just have to survive this first.

Shaking myself out of my own head, I looked up and down the corridor, but there was no sign of anybody. Most people were already in class, and I assumed that I had been given first period off to be shown around.

This is ridiculous, I thought to myself. Checking my wristwatch, I had been standing around for fifteen minutes, still with no sign of this Billy guy. Readjusting my bag strap on my shoulder, I figured I'd go sit somewhere for the rest of first period, then attempt to find where second was meant to be.

The corridors seemed to go on forever, and this school was much bigger than my last, but eventually I found my way outside. There were a few benches lining the length of the building and I sat down on the closest one, since there were a few students hanging around one about halfway down.

Remembering that Annie had given me her history notes from the previous week, I decided to read up on those. Through a combination of utter confusion and concentration, and trying to decipher her awful handwriting, I was completely oblivious to the person standing over me, until I heard a few snickers from a few benches away.

Snapping my head up in shock, I looked from the boy to his friends, and back again.

“Can I help you?” I queried, a puzzled look probably all over my face.

“No no, you carry on princess,” he smiled, and it took me a moment to decide whether it was fake or genuine. I came to the conclusion that I actually had no idea which it was.

My attention was turned back to the snickering and laughing from the other bench, and I have to say it wasn't the first time I had been a victim of some dare to go and speak to the new kid.

Feeling slightly intimidated by his presence, I didn't know what else to say, so I simply smiled and looked back down at Annie's notes.

"You're the new girl, right?"

I nodded, "Yeah, that'd be me."

"Well thanks for taking the spotlight off of me." I couldn't quite gauge his tone, but the smirk that followed lead me to believe that he wasn't bitter about having his spotlight taken. But then it clicked.

"Were you the—"

"I'm Billy. Hargrove." He interrupted, and if I were in any other mood I would have been flattered by the charming quality of his voice.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" By the look on his face, he had no idea what I was talking about. "You were meant to show me around like a half hour ago."

"Oh, you mean that bullshit. Sorry princess, not happening." He reached into his back pocket for lighter, and placed the cigarette that was resting above his ear between his lips. I looked away as he lit it, knowing that I would most likely find it somewhat attractive, which wouldn't help with my attempt at standing up for myself.

Collecting all of the notes and clasping them in my hand, I grabbed the strap of my bag and slung it over my shoulder as I stood up and made my way inside. I knew it would be like this, all first days are. Usually the hot guy dares don't start until a few days in, but *Billy seemed to out-do himself.*

"Meet me in the bathroom at lunch and I'll give you a little tour of something else." Turning around I narrowed my eyes at Billy's words, but he simply swiped his tongue across his bottom lip, before taking it between his teeth, raising his eyebrows.

Shaking my head, I turned around before he could see the small smile that I was trying hard to fight off.

The bell rang, signalling the end of last period. Finally, freedom.

"So what are you guys doing tonight?" One of Annie's friends asked the group. I couldn't quite remember her name, there were so many of them.

They all talked over one another, trying to arrange plans to meet up later as we piled out of the classroom and into the even busier corridor. Fighting through the mass of bodies all headed in separate directions, I felt a hand on my shoulder and thought it'd be one of the girls, in an attempt to comfort me in this chaos.

As we made it out a set of double doors and outside, I turned to thank whoever it was, but found myself looking at the face that had been the source of my frustration all day long.

"Princess, you never came to my private tour," he smirked, his hand now resting around my elbow.

"Maybe if you'd have given me one this morning I could've found the bathroom," I retorted, taking my arm out of his hold. He laughed lightly, taking his bottom lip between his teeth again, before looking down at the ground. I could see Annie and her friends in my peripheral vision, but I couldn't tell what they were thinking.

"Look, if you really want that tour I'll meet you tomorrow. Same time?" He asked, this time taking his lighter and the cigarette out of his jacket pocket.

"No thanks, I think I'll pass." Still being slightly intimidated by him, I shot him a small smile at the end.

"Whatever you say, princess."

He walked off slowly, as if he had no care in the world about where he needed to be next.

"Oh my god, you're friends with Billy Hargrove?"

"How do you know him?"

"What the hell was that about?"

I was bombarded with questions the second he walked off, and I turned to Annie for help.

"He was supposed to show her around this morning but never showed." Annie explained to the rest of them. "But I've never seen him do that before." She added.

"Do what?" I questioned, noticing that most of them either had worried or quizzical looks on their faces.

"He doesn't speak to- like anyone."

"Apart from a few of the guys on the basketball team."

"Oh- and a select group of girls." One of them added, giving me a look as if I knew said group of girls.

"It's just a bit out of the ordinary really, maybe he likes you." Annie smiled, bumping her shoulder with mine.

"C'mon Annie, he doesn't like anyone. He just tolerates those girls that he sleeps with."

"Well I think he likes you," She smiled, which made a change from the rest of the girl's reactions. "But just keep your guard up. He's a bit unpredictable." I nodded, not too sure how to feel about all of this. "Come on, or we'll miss the bus, and I cannot call my Mom again." She laughed, dragging me off in the direction of the bus bay.

The next morning Annie and I had arranged to meet up and go to school together, but when I heard the doorbell go and I was still only half ready. Throwing on the rest of my clothes and a bit of makeup, I flew out of my bedroom door and down the staircase.

"-well that's ever so kind of you, I'm sure she'll appreciate it." I heard my Mom between my thudding footsteps as I ran down, skipping a step each time.

"It's really no problem, don't worry about it." Okay. That was not Annie.

"What the hell are you doing here?" I asked incredulously, furrowing my eyebrows in confusion.

"Yesterday we agreed that I'd show you around the school this morning, remember?" Billy gave me a look as if to say just go with it.

"Isn't that nice, dear?" My Mom added, completely oblivious to the situation.

"Yeah I'm charmed." I mumbled, my voice containing no emotion at all.

"We'd better get going, it's a big school." He smiled, and this time I could tell it was a combination of teasing and sarcasm.

Stepping outside the front door, I had a series of questions for Billy, but the early hour and shock of him being in my hallway had me stumped.

"Woah, that's your car?" I mentally kicked myself.

"Are you impressed?" He smirked, walking around the other side of the car to get in, throwing me a wink before opening his door. I rolled my eyes when he couldn't see, and got in too.

"What the fuck are you doing, Billy?" I asked straight up.

"Giving you a ride to school." He replied, like we'd been doing it for years now.

"I don't even know you!"

"Well everyone's a stranger until you give them a chance," he reasoned, seemingly impressed with his reply.

"Just be honest, what the fuck is going on? I'm not playing games with-"

"This isn't a game!" He interrupted, sounding angered by my suggestion. "I just know it sucks to be the new kid."

With that, he turned the key in the ignition and started down the road. A few minutes passed by in silence, and I was feeling more and more uncomfortable with each passing second.

"How do you, uh, know where I live?" I stuttered, not wanting to say anything that would cause a reaction like the last.

Looking over at me, he smirked, "I have my sources."

"Because that's not creepy." I muttered under my breath.

"By all means you can take the bus, look at all that lovely rain." He gestured to the scene on the road before us. It was coming down at a pace now, and the spray on the road was causing a mist of its own.

"Fuck, Annie!" I exclaimed, looking at him in utter panic.

"Ah, I didn't know you were into girls." He laughed, "Could've told me I was wasting my time, princess." The feeling in my stomach from yesterday arose, but the situation didn't allow me to address it.

"Shut up Billy, what the hell am I going to do? We were meant to meet at my house in five minutes." Shit, the one friend I make and I inadvertently ditch her for Billy Hargrove of all people.

"Relax, she's not incapable of getting the bus alone." He responded.

"She so isn't going to believe this," I confessed, even I was somewhat baffled by the situation I now found myself in. Clearly unfazed by my panic, Billy pulled a cigarette out of a box that was lying on the dashboard above the wheel.

"Pass me a lighter out of the glove compartment," he instructed, placing the cigarette between his lips, just as he had done the day before. It was only when he turned to look at me that I was shaken from my thoughts about his lips and brought back to reality. Looking into the glove compartment, there were numerous lighters.

"You just want any?"

"Yeah any one will do, princess." I rolled my eyes, grabbing the one closest to me and passing it to him.

"What, you not gonna light it for me?" He teased, his eyes not focusing on the road ahead nearly enough as they should have been.

Taking his hands off the wheel for a moment or two, he lit the cigarette before throwing the lighter back over into my lap, and I shot him a glare.

"You can keep it, princess," he smirked, the smoke escaping his lips. "Think of it as a souvenir."

"A souvenir for what, surviving your driving?"

"You know what, you can get the bus next time." His eyes flicked between the road and I, but I tried not to read into his body language.

"Next time?" I smiled, I couldn't help myself.

Whether he didn't see it as a question or was purposely ignoring me I wasn't sure, but my mood fell when I realised we were turning into the school parking lot. I wasn't sad, hell I wasn't even meant to get a ride with him, but there was something about Billy that I couldn't put my finger on. He pulled up into a space away from the rest, clearly separating himself from the crowd even in the parking lot. It wasn't busy yet, we were early in fact, so I looked at him expectantly.

"So, how's about that tour, princess?"

2. Chapter Two

“He did *what?*” Annie stared at me in disbelief.

“I know, it sounds crazy,” I started, not sure how I was going to explain this to her when I could hardly understand it myself. It was morning break and I’d managed to find her on the way to our next class.

“He was just standing there, talking to your Mom?” She mused, clearly trying to hold back a laugh.

“Don’t laugh it’s not funny!” I said, attempting to hold back a giggle of my own at the ridiculousness of the whole ordeal. “I thought it was you.” I paused, and apologised for the hundredth time for not being there.

“Honestly don’t worry about it, I get that he’s more attractive than I am,” she joked with a wink, and I could feel my cheeks redden. “I think your Mom seemed to like him as well, if you know what I mean.” Again she winked and nudged my arm.

“Oh god,” I whined, shaking my head. Of course my Mom found him attractive.

“She told me that you had been ‘swept away by a handsome young man.’” She air-quoted my Mom for emphasis, and I could feel myself become even more embarrassed. “Like Mother like Daughter,” she laughed, and in return I shot her a death glare. “Don’t worry, I think you’re in with more of a chance.” She assured.

“Thanks Annie, but I’m really not looking to get with Billy. Not with what I’ve heard anyway.”

“But has he proven any of it right to you? Have you seen that side of him?” She asked, all joking aside now.

“Well no-“ I started.

“Exactly!”

“But I’ve known him for less than forty-eight hours!” I reasoned, I wasn’t exactly expecting to witness all these rumours I’d heard about him come to life on my first day.

“Okay, fair point,” she acknowledged, “But for a start he hasn’t ignored you, he hasn’t been outright rude to you, and to top it off, he tracked down your fucking house!” I looked back at her, not quite following where she was going with this. “Billy likes you, and it’s pretty obvious.” She added, smiling at the end.

“Yesterday you told me that I had reason to be nervous, now you’re trying to get me into his pants,” I stated my reason for confusion.

“I did, but only because I assumed he’d be the same Billy that he is to everyone else. That was before you had a romantic stroll around the school grounds this morning. Clearly he has a soft spot for you.”

“I told you, we literally went to get a soda and then walked to his locker. Anyway,” I began, not wanting to get too wrapped up in what Annie was telling me. “This is ridiculous and we need to get to class.”

By fourth period I was about ready for a nap, but English always managed to hold my attention. I had been assigned a seat yesterday, second from the back and as far away from the window as possible, which unfortunately meant no daydreaming. I only knew one person in the class, she was one of Annie’s friends, but didn’t seem all that welcoming.

The room was only about half full, clearly no one was in a hurry to get to English, not even the teacher. Out of sheer boredom I began playing with a loose thread on the hem of my skirt, before I was graced with that voice again.

“How’s my favourite newbie doing?” Billy asked, sitting in the seat beside me. He had no bag, just the same notepad that I had seen him carrying.

“I didn’t know you were in this class?” It came out as more of a question than a statement, ignoring his.

"I am when I feel like it," he smirked, his entire body facing me. Just as I was about to speak, our teacher walked in.

"Ah, Mr Hargrove, thank you for joining us today." He commented sarcastically. Although class still hadn't started everyone's conversations came to an abrupt end as soon as Billy spoke.

"Don't even mention it," Billy smiled back, earning a laugh from some.

As everyone's conversations picked back up, he turned towards me again.

"So, what did you think of my tour, worth the wait right?" He tilted his head to one side, and I don't think he had stopped smiling since he walked in the room.

"Billy, we went a vending machine and your locker, it was hardly a tour."

"Well, those are the two most important features of the school," he retorted. I laughed quietly, shaking my head slightly. His confidence never ceased to amaze me.

Class was filling up now, and a guy I recognised from the day before walked in. *Darren? Daniel?*

"Billy, you're kind of in my seat." He said, stopping in front of what was his desk.

"What, like there aren't other seats in here David?" *That was it, David.*

"Well yeah but-" David had barely started speaking before we were all told to quieten down.

"But Sir-"

"David, I do have a class to teach at some point today, just sit next to Molly, please."

Looking defeated, David went and found his new seat. I looked at Billy, and he simply winked back. If it were any other student, they'd

have been told to move. Maybe it was a miracle he came to class, asking him to move might have been asking too much.

The entirety of class Billy was a distraction. I blamed it on my tiredness and sheer willing to pay attention to anything other than the lesson, but I did catch myself glancing over more times than necessary in one hour. He didn't seem to write much down, but then again neither did I, far too preoccupied with strategically planning my next glance over without being obvious.

Finally, the end of the day came around. The rush in the corridors was the same as the previous day, but this time I had no Annie or Billy to comfort me. Filing out the first set of doors leading outside, I found myself near the benches from yesterday. *No, this can't be right.* I was on the opposite side of the school. Deciding against fighting through the masses of students in the corridors, I started walking past the benches and along the field, figuring at some point that I would come to the bus bay.

Deciding to cut through the parking lot, I noticed Billy's car in the same spot we had left it this morning, but no Billy. He was probably still fighting to get out of the damn building. I could see the buses from the edge of the parking lot, and the queues were piling up quicker than I had expected. Mentally cursing myself for choosing the long route out of the school, I sighed and continued to drag my feet towards the buses.

In the rush of people coming toward me, heading for the parking lot, I nearly fell over when a hand gripped at my elbow, the same way it had done the day before.

"Billy, what are you-" I was cut off by my bag falling from my shoulder, leaning down to pick it up before it got trampled on.

"Where have you been, I was waiting. I figured you got an earlier bus."

"I got lost, I had to walk around the outside of the building." I explained. With his hand still on my upper arm, he led us away from

the footpath as to avoid being walked into by people in a rush to get home. "Why were you waiting?" I asked, not recalling having made plans with him.

"To give you a ride home," he stated, like it was the most obvious thing in the world. He took the cigarette that had been sitting behind his ear, the one that had been distracting me most of English, and placed it between his lips.

"It's fine, I'm getting the bus home."

"But I'm offering you a ride, so let's go." Before he could even drag me off back in the direction of his car, Annie and a few of the girls walked up to us.

"Hey, you all ready to go?" Annie asked, looking from me to Billy, smiling.

"Yeah I-

"Actually I'm gonna give her a ride, she won't be getting the bus." Billy interjected, and I was both taken aback and slightly flattered at his persistence.

"That's totally cool, no worries. Did you want me to stop by your house tomorrow morning or...?" Annie asked.

"I'll be getting the bus in the morning, so that'd be great, thanks." I said, before I could be interrupted again. I noticed a few of the girls behind Annie looking from me, to Billy, and back again, as if they were weighing up the situation. I didn't want anyone getting any ideas about Billy and I, so I had to distance myself.

"No problem, I'll see you then," she smiled, turning and walking away with her friends in tow. Just as I was about to ask Billy what the hell his issue with the bus was, Annie turned back, her voiced raised slightly.

"You're coming to Steve's on Friday night, yeah?" She shouted. I had heard a few people talking about this guy's party, but I had no idea Annie knew him.

“Uh, am I invited?” I asked back.

“Of course you are!” She laughed, “Billy, you’re coming too right?” He looked shocked that she had even addressed him, but managed to keep his cool façade.

“You know me, any chance to piss Harrington off.” Annie laughed at his reply, before nodding and finally leaving with the rest of the girls.

I turned to look at Billy, narrowing my eyes at him.

“What was that about?”

“What, Harrington? Don’t worry about that it’s just-“

“No, not that,” I was the one cutting him off this time. “Answering for me in front of my friends, what if I wanted to get the bus?”

“Princess, no one wants to get the bus.” He was always so smug with his replies, and I rolled my eyes at his response, although he did have a point. He pulled a lighter out from his back pocket, lighting the end of the cigarette and inhaling deeply. “C’mon, let’s get out of here.” He motioned his head towards the car, and we started through the parking lot.

The car journey wasn’t full of chatter, but it wasn’t uncomfortably silent either. Billy’s company wasn’t something I thought I would enjoy so much, but by the time he came to a stop outside my house I felt myself feeling oddly disappointed.

“I would invite you in, but a little birdy told me that you have made quite the impression on my Mother,” I laughed, reaching down into the foot well for my bag.

“All the more reason to invite me in then.” Billy’s smirk was something I couldn’t see myself growing tired of any time soon. Before I could even speak, Billy did. “Or do you just want to keep me all to yourself?” Taking his bottom lip between his teeth, he winked.

“Okay Hargrove, you need to stop with the winking. People are going

to get the wrong idea.”

“Whatever you say, princess.” With that, I got out of the car and shut the door behind me. “And hey,” a piece of paper came flying out the passenger window, landing on the sidewalk beside my feet. Bending down, I picked it up and unravelled it. “In case you get lonely,” he winked. Looking down, it was a phone number.

I rolled my eyes for what must have been the millionth time today at Billy, before he pulled away from the curb and headed back down the road with a smirk planted on his face.

3. Chapter Three

“You’ve decided what you’re wearing, right?”

By now I could remember at least half of the girl’s names. Why did Annie have to have so many friends that looked so similar? I think that one was Ruby.

“Yeah I think so,” I began to doubt my outfit choice for this evening. “What are you guys wearing?” I addressed the group as a whole but knew that only a few would respond. It was Friday and at least four of them still hadn’t come round to the idea of accepting me into their group. I didn’t mind, I would probably feel the same in their situation, but a couple of them went out their way to be rude – mainly Hollie and Elizabeth.

“Do you want to come to mine after school and I can show you? We can get ready together?” Considering Annie directed this only at me, I assumed the other girls were already going to her house, or had other arrangements.

“I kind of promised my Mom and Dad that I’d be having dinner with them.” A few of the girls that I didn’t get along with rolled their eyes at this, clearly thinking that I was lying, and I was, in a way. “My Aunt and Uncle are visiting for a few days,” I added, shooting Annie an apologetic look. This wasn’t a total lie. My Aunt and Uncle were in town for a few days to visit the new house, and we were supposed to be having a family dinner together, but I had been excused from going once they found out about the party. Something about them not wanting to hold me back from socialising in a new town.

“Oh, well you can still come over and get ready with us, yeah?” I think that one was Ashley, and it seemed over the week that she was constantly out to get me. Although she said everything with a smile, I couldn’t help but feel it wasn’t a genuine one. I was internally screaming, how was I going to get away with this one?

“I mean uh, actually I had kind of sorted a ride with Billy?” The silence that followed was deafening. Yeah, telling the truth was not the way to go.

“You mean like *Billy*, Billy?”

“What?”

“Are you guys dating then?”

“We are so not dating, it’s not remotely like that,” I assured them. *Only in my head is it like that.*

“Wait, Billy Hargrove is coming to pick you up and take you to Steve’s party?” Ruby asked in disbelief, and I nodded.

“You know he only wants to get into your pants,” Elizabeth declared, and a few of them nodded their heads in agreement with her.

“Lizzie, that’s not exactly fair,” Annie started, attempting to defend my corner.

“It’s true though! Fresh meat and all that,” she counted back at Annie before turning to me, “He’ll be bored of you by next week.”

“Okay, I think it’s time we went to class.” Usually Jennifer remained quiet, hardly contributing to the group discussions, from what I had seen so far this week, but she could obviously sense my discomfort, and looked at me apologetically. I smiled back at her softly, but it took all I had in me not to cry.

Picking my bag up, I rested the strap on my shoulder and sat up from the picnic bench we had been gathered at.

“I’ll see you later,” I murmured at no one in particular, none of them having moved a muscle, presumably out of sheer awkwardness.

As I walked away I could hear what sounded like someone swatting another’s arm, followed by a “What was that for? You were all thinking it.”

I walked towards the English block with my head down, blinking desperately to try and stop any tears from forming.

“I was starting to think you’d ditched me, princess.” I lifted my head, only to be greeted by Billy leaning against the wall with a lit

cigarette in his hand. The smile on his face quickly disappeared when I looked up at him. I could feel my bottom lip trembling, so I had it pressed firmly against my top one in an attempt to stop it, and the tears that had been threatening to fall, finally fell when I saw him.

I daren't speak, knowing my voice would crack, so I did the only thing I could to avoid conversation. I made my way inside, walking at twice my usual pace now. I wiped the tears that had fallen on my cheeks away with the back of my hand, but before I could even make it to the classroom, I felt the familiar grip on my elbow pull me to the opposite side of the corridor and straight into the boys toilets.

"Billy, what are you—"

"Whose fault is this?" This wasn't the Billy that I knew, this sounded an awful lot like the one I had heard so much about from other people. There was no hint of a smirk or a smile, instead his jaw was set firm, looking as though he was a moment away from raging.

"It's fine it's just," I couldn't even finish my sentence. In my head I sounded utterly stupid, and the last person I wanted to talk to all this about was Billy himself.

"Did someone hurt you?" He looked me up and down, checking for physical injury, but his gaze soon returned to my face, looking concerned now more than anything.

I sighed, figuring I'd have to tell him.

"It's just some of those girls," at this he let out a sigh of relief, stepping back and running a hand through his hair.

"Fuck, you know I really thought you'd been hurt." Billy's tone had completely changed again, this time he sounded pissed off. "Here I was ready to go sort someone out, and all it is, is girl drama," he said this mainly to himself, not even looking at me anymore.

"Girl drama that you've caused," I argued, wiping yet more tears out of my eyes.

"I've got nothing to do with that bunch of—"

“You’re the fucking reason! They all think I’m one of your idiotic, insecure little followers that you fuck and then get rid of,” I couldn’t read his expression, but his jaw was set into a hard line again. “And you know what Billy, I’m starting to agree with them.”

It was silent for a moment, but as soon as I had finished speaking I daredn’t hold eye contact, instead I chose to look at the tiled floor. I heard him make a noise as if he was going to speak, but didn’t.

I grew even more uncomfortable in the silence, but a moment later, “You think I want to fuck you?”

I was at a loss for words, not expecting that to have been the next thing out of his mouth. I came over all embarrassed, of course he didn’t want to, he just pitied me being the new kid, he even said so himself. Without saying anything back, or even looking at him, I turned with every intention of leaving the bathroom, but he was faster. He had both hands on my arms, pulling me back gently so I was in front of him, my back against the wall.

“Because you’d be right.” Looking up at him, any trace of anger or being pissed off was gone, having been replaced with the more familiar calm, nonchalant look that I was used to.

“I, uh-“

“Why’d you think I’m only nice to pretty much just you?” I shrugged, but he raised his eyebrows expectantly, pressing me for an answer.

“Because you want to-“

“To get in your pants, right?” He finished for me, and I nodded.

“If I wanted to fuck someone, I wouldn’t chase them like this. I wouldn’t speak to them the way I speak to you, hell I wouldn’t even give them rides to school.” I didn’t know what to say, so he continued. “Is that what they’ve been saying to upset you?”

I nodded, “I told them you’d be taking me to Steve’s later, and Elizabeth said that you were only speaking to me because I’m fresh meat or something, and that you’d be ignoring me by next week.” Before I could do it myself, Billy removed his hand from my arm, and

wiped his thumb pad across my cheek, catching a stray tear. I tried not to jump at the contact, and although it wasn't as if he hadn't touched me before, it was usually restricted to my arms, and the occasional slap on my bum when I was getting out of his car.

"Do you mean Lizzie Atwood?" He questioned.

"Yeah that's her, I think." I wasn't any good with first names, let alone surnames.

"She's been trying to get with this," he said, gesturing a hand down his body with a smirk on his face, "since I got here. Ignore her, princess. She's just jealous you don't have to get the bus." I couldn't help but let out a laugh, and to my surprise he actually smiled. "Come on, let's skip class." He added, throwing an arm over my shoulder as we vacated the toilets.

"I mean I'm not sure it'll look all that different," I insisted, the receiver resting between my shoulder and my ear.

"Ruby said she thought that blue was too out there." I was already late, running around my room trying to piece together an outfit when Annie rang me with an eyeshadow dilemma.

"I think turquoise and blue are pretty much the same, just go with whatever you think suits best," I suggested vaguely, too preoccupied with my own situation to be paying much mind to Annie's.

"You know you're right, I'm going to go with the blue I think."

Do I wear the red skirt with the cream top or the white top? Or do I forget the red skirt altogether and wear a dress?

"Are you even listening to me?" Annie accused a few moments later.

"No sorry I am I'm just doubting my outfit choices," I sighed, looking at the mess I'd created around me, spilling from my closet.

"I'm sure Billy won't mind what you wear." I could hear the cheek in her voice, and replied with a sarcastic laugh. I hadn't filled her in on

everything that happened earlier, but she had mentioned that some Ben guy saw Billy and I go into the bathroom together and had made it public knowledge. “To be honest, I’m sure he’d quite like to take off whatever you do choose to wear.” I rolled my eyes, and I couldn’t help but smile a little.

“Bye Annie,” I said dryly, and I could still hear her laughing as I put the receiver down.

I had about half an hour before Billy was meant to pick me up, and I was stood in the middle of my room in a pair of tights and a bra, surrounded by a sea of clothing. *Fuck*. I made the executive decision to go with the red skirt and the cream top, simply because it was my least favourite shirt and if anything got spilled down it I wouldn’t be too gutted. I laid it down neatly on my bed, deciding to put everything else away first.

Sitting on my floor, folding blouses and skirts, and arranging items on hangers, I noticed a bright light shining through my bedroom window. My bedroom was at the back of the house, so it couldn’t have been a car or a streetlight. *Maybe my parents and Aunty and Uncle wanted to sit outside on the patio?* I shrugged to myself, carrying on with the folding and hanging. A moment later, the light disappeared. Not wanting to be the victim in a horror movie, I crawled over to the window, peeping up so I could see above the ledge and down to the garden.

It was too dark, and I couldn’t see anything, until the light flashed up at my room again, and the suspicion in my gut was confirmed. Lifting the window up a bit, trying hard not to expose myself in my underwear, I called down.

“What in God’s name are you doing?” I tried to keep my voice down so no one heard, but it came out as some kind of whispered yelling.

“Just wanted to get out the house, but I don’t want your Mom to think I’m keen,” I couldn’t see Billy’s face properly with the minimal lighting, but I could tell he was probably biting his lip, smirking.

“Well go sit in the car then,” I suggested, leaning back to grab the closest item of clothing to cover my chest, holding it over my front.

"But it's cold, and I'm bored," he whined. I couldn't believe I was about to do this, but found myself doing so anyway.

"Okay, just- stay there for a moment." I shut the window quietly, crawling back across to the other side of my room so I was out of sight, before standing up and throwing on the outfit I had chosen. Tucking the blouse into my skirt loosely, I zipped the skirt up at the back before checking quickly in the mirror. *That'll have to do.*

Picking up the pile of clothes that had been folded, as well as the unfolded mess, I threw them all into my closet, closing the door quickly so nothing could fall out.

Lifting my window up all the way now, I called down to Billy.

"Come on then Spiderman." I heard him scoff at my joke, and noticed that he had now lit a cigarette, leaving it hanging between his lips as he used both hands to pull himself up, one foot on the kitchen window ledge below my room, the other using the trellis on the side of my house to climb.

Once he was at eye level with my window, I reached down to take the cigarette out of his mouth before putting it out against the bricks lining my window, and throwing it back out.

"What did you do that for?!" I instinctively put my hand across his mouth to quieten him, panicking in case anyone heard him.

"You aren't smoking in my room, Billy. Are you trying to get me into trouble?" I asked.

"I think you've managed to do that all on your own," he winked.

"Don't make me push you back down," I threatened, raising my eyebrows at the smirk that still remained on his face.

"You wouldn't," he teased, "now back up a bit." I stood back from the window, watching him as he effortlessly lifted himself up that little bit further and crawled through, now standing in my room.

"Wow, you must have really had some experience." I commented. He had barely broken a sweat.

"I have to say it's much easier with that plant thing there," he said, pointing down to the trellis as he shut the window behind him.

"Really? I'll have to ask my Dad to take it down then," I laughed, to which he replied with a sarcastic one and the middle finger. "I think you lost a button on the way though," I pointed out, motioning to his extremely gaping shirt which exposed most of his chest.

"You're just full of 'em today aren't you? Don't think I've never caught you looking." Although I'm almost positive he was just teasing, the amount of times I'd caught a glance was becoming excessive in the past few days alone.

"I still need to do my makeup," I announced, trying desperately to change the conversation. I knew whether I answered his remark or not I would be admitting to guilt.

He nodded, "You carry on princess, I'll just be here." He practically threw himself onto my bed, and I watched him taking in his surroundings, examining every poster and every object in my room from where he was sat.

I sat down at my vanity, brushing my hair back into a ponytail whilst I did my makeup. It was silent for a few minutes, which I was thankful for as I didn't want my Mom or Dad getting suspicious.

"I didn't know you liked David Coverdale." I carried on with applying my mascara, and instead of turning around I looked at Billy in the reflection of my mirror.

"Oh yeah, my Mom hates that one," I laughed, noticing which poster it was he was looking at. "I've been banned from listening to music whilst I get ready for school." I added, and saw between the strokes of my mascara wand the confused look on his face. "Apparently anything pre-8am is 'too early' for Whitesnake." He laughed at this, and I noticed the creases forming next to his eyes when he did. It was a proper laugh, not one of the flirty ones I was used to seeing by now.

By the time I was done with my makeup, I brushed my hair out, deciding to leave it as I normally did. I placed my stool back under my vanity, and went to stand at the foot of my bed, leaning against the metal frame of it.

It was only then that I fully took what Billy was wearing, and it wasn't much different from his usual attire. Jacket, boots, jeans – but somehow these were impossibly tighter than his regular pair. He was flicking through a magazine that I had left on my nightstand, not spending more than five seconds on a page.

“Come on then, shift.” I said, motioning my head in the direction of my window.

“Why would we go out the window?” The way his face screwed up in confusion made me laugh, but his expression didn't falter.

“We aren't, you are. You can't expect us to just walk downstairs as if it's normal for you to break into my bedroom.”

“It's not breaking in if you let me,” he quipped back, and I rolled my eyes at his answer.

“Whatever Billy, you have to get out and ring the doorbell.”

“This isn't prom, can't you just run out when you hear the horn like you normally do?”

“My Aunt and Uncle are visiting, and I believe that my Mom has told my Aunt a lot about you already.” I told him, cringing at the thought of it.

“Really?” He smirked, “Maybe I should come in for a bit then.”

“Calm down Billy, they are both married.” I reminded him.

“That's never stopped me before.” A look of complete shock and horror must have found its way onto my face, judging by the booming laughing that he broke out into.

“Shh they're going to hear you!” I stressed. His complete lack of care was evident in the way he swung his legs off the bed, stood up and sauntered over to the window.

“See you in a minute, princess.” The combination of the wink and the pet name had started to make me blush. At the beginning of the week, I tried my hardest not to take any notice of it, not wanting to develop unreciprocated feelings just because he called me ‘princess’ and used that

voice, along with his smirk. But after today, I started to let myself think it was somewhat genuine.

And with that, he crawled back out of the window, setting his footing back on the kitchen window ledge and the trellis, jumping down onto the patio and disappearing around the side of the house.

Not even a minute later, the doorbell rang.

4. Chapter Four

“-and this is my sister, Mandy.” I hadn’t even bothered racing my Mom to the front door, knowing she’d embarrass herself and I no matter who answered it first. Surprisingly, my Auntie had torn herself away from her wine and the television to catch a glance at Billy.

He smiled at them both, about to say something undoubtedly cheesy before I made my presence known by running down the last few steps louder than necessary.

“There you are! Billy just got here,” my Mom said as she shut the door, the three of them standing in the entryway.

“Oh did you now?” I laughed, my Mom and Auntie far too infatuated with Billy than to pay attention to me.

Before they could even let him speak, they were ushering him towards the living room, quite literally twisting his arm. “Come in, come in, don’t bother taking your shoes off its fine.”

The look on Billy’s face was priceless - a combination of panic and *help me* was directed towards me. He had clearly prepped himself for flirtatious small talk at the door, but wasn’t quite equipped to handle meeting my Dad and Uncle as well.

“You know what Mom, we should really get going.” I rushed out, thinking up excuses in my head.

“But Billy just got here, honey. At least let him have a sit down,” she reasoned, shooting me a disapproving look.

“He can sit down in the car, we have to pick Annie up on the way, don’t want to be late!”

“We do?” Billy asked, confusion written all over his face.

“Yeah we do, remember?” I widened my eyes slightly, hoping he’d get the message.

“Well five minutes here won’t kill you both,” my Auntie had piped up,

clearly not ready for Billy's good looks to be taken away from her. I rolled my eyes, prepared to put up a fight just to get the pair of us out of here, but I didn't have to.

"No, we really should be going I'm afraid, don't want Mrs Thompson on my bad side, do we?" Billy explained with a smirk which had clearly appeased my Aunty.

"Don't worry about that, I can always speak to her mother."

"Mom," I warned, stepping forward and grabbing the sleeve of Billy's jacket, pulling him away from the pair of them.

"I'll be back later, don't wait up." Grabbing my bag from where I left it hanging on the bannister, I slung it over my shoulder.

"I'll make sure she gets back safe," Billy assured my Mom. Just as I was turning to open the front door, I saw him wink at the both of them.

Following Billy out, I waited until he was just out of earshot and turned as my Mom was closing the door.

"You two ought to take it down a level, your desperation is showing," I commented, completely horrified at the way they had been eyeing Billy.

"I don't know what you're talking about," my Mom replied, feigning innocence.

Rolling my eyes, I shouted a quick goodbye as I caught up with Billy who was already getting into the car. I joined him, as I had done every day this week, putting my bag beside my feet in the foot well, and stealing a piece of his chewing gum that he kept in the glove compartment.

"Planning on getting kissed, are we?" He teased, holding his hand out for a stick of gum too.

"Billy you've seen me take a piece of gum from you nearly every day this week," I pointed out, handing him a piece before putting the

packet away.

“Are you saying you don’t want to be kissed?” I opened my mouth and closed it again, before deciding what to say.

“I’m just saying that regardless of whether I want to be or not, you can’t judge it based on me chewing gum.” *Wow, smooth*, I thought to myself. Luckily Billy laughed, starting the engine, and I looked out of the passenger window towards my house, mainly to hide my blushing cheeks from view.

I could spot my Mom and Auntie peeking out of the dining room window at the front of the house, not so inconspicuously with half of the nets pulled back. I muttered a quiet *Oh my god* out of sheer disbelief, honestly those two.

We still hadn’t pulled away from the house, and I turned to see Billy shooting them a wave. I grabbed his hand and pulled it down.

“They don’t need any more encouragement from you,” I laughed, quickly releasing his hand from my grasp when I realised I was still holding it.

Billy didn’t say anything, he simply let out a small laugh and took his bottom lip between his teeth as he often did, followed by a small smirk.

Fuck me, it’s going to be a long night.

The music from Steve’s house could be heard at least half a mile down the street, and it got increasingly louder as we walked closer. Billy left the car down the street, partly because the road closer to the house was already littered with cars, and partly because he ‘didn’t want drunk people loitering around it.’ I decided to leave my bag in the car, not particularly needing anything from it, and knowing I would only lose it as soon as I started to drink.

We walked side by side in silence. It wasn’t awkward exactly, and we had been speaking in the car, but ever since he mentioned getting kissed my mind had gone into overdrive thinking about it. *Did that*

mean he was planning on kissing me? Wait, what if he hadn't meant kissed by him, what if he didn't want to kiss me?

I tried to keep a straight face as we neared the house, thankful that Billy couldn't hear the internal monologue in my head. If I kept thinking about this I was going to give myself a headache.

"Billy!" A loud voice shouted over to him from what I assumed was Steve's garden. It already had a few plastic cups littering it, and more people than I expected were hanging out outside.

"What's up," Billy replied, not so much asking the guy, more of just something to say.

"Dude, everyone's around back. Some guy said he's gonna dive off the roof and into the pool, you gotta come watch!" The excitement was evident in his tone and his eyes.

I looked at Billy, expecting him to be first in line to witness that.

"Yeah I'll be there in a bit, just gonna get a drink first." The guy nodded, running off in a semi-straight line back in the direction he came from.

"It's not for me, by the way," Billy added as we carried on walking across the lawn towards the front door which was wide open.

"What's not for you?"

"The drink, don't worry princess I'm not going to drink and drive." I hadn't once raised any concerns about Billy drinking and driving, in fact the thought hadn't even crossed my mind.

"Oh Billy I'm honoured," I teased, "Giving up drinking for me?" I held a hand over my chest in fake shock.

"Alright watch it, you can always walk back," he laughed, motioning for me to enter the house first, placing a hand on my lower back. It wasn't too crowded, but that was probably due to the entertainment taking place in the back yard. Billy guided us quickly to the kitchen, where an entire granite breakfast bar was covered in half empty bottles and plastic cups.

As Billy grabbed two new solo cups from the stack in the corner and began pouring our drinks, I noticed people staring as they walked past. I wasn't sure if they were staring at the fact that Billy and I had arrived together, or that Billy was simply filling his cup with soda.

"You know you can drink Billy, I don't mind. I can always catch a lift with Annie or something," I offered, feeling guilty that I was drinking and he wasn't.

"But then I wouldn't get to see your Mom again," he said smirking as he lifted a cup to his lips.

"Who said you were walking me to the door?" I retorted, smirking right back at him.

"Well I will be if your Mom's there again," he swiped his tongue across his bottom lip, taking it between his teeth.

"Okay this Mom thing really has to stop," I laughed, "Besides she won't be in." I added, taking a sip of whatever Billy had mixed in my cup.

"Won't she?" He asked, leaning with his back to the counter.

"They were meant to be going out for drinks with our neighbours," I explained, "Last time they came back at like 4am asking me where Avery was," I laughed.

"Avery?" Billy queried.

"My brother, he's in his final year at Stanford," I said, taking a few more sips from my cup. Whatever it was that Billy had given me wasn't actually too bad, despite its unnatural shade of red. "Yeah, but from what I witnessed earlier my parents were already at least three bottles deep in wine, I doubt they'll make it beyond the front door."

"You have a lot to live up to then, princess," I rolled my eyes at the nickname, not being able to control the small blush on my cheeks for the second time this evening.

"Nah, they know I'm not made of the same stuff as my brother," I admitted, "Whenever we visit him I half expect him to be collapsed

on the floor surrounded by mountains of papers, but he's not. Avery's far too perfect to let school get the better of him." The latter half of my sentence was spoken into my cup as I downed the rest of its contents.

"That doesn't make you imperfect." I couldn't help the look on my face, something between flattered and shocked with those being the last words I'd expected to leave Billy's lips. Before I could say anything he had registered my reaction, taking the empty solo cup from my hands and turning to fill it again.

"Thanks, Billy." I added quietly, praying that he hadn't taken my delayed response the wrong way.

Great, one of the nicest things he has probably said to anyone – ever, and you fuck it up.

"Let's go see this twat jump off the roof," he replied, completely ignoring my thanks, and instead handing my cup back to me without so much as a look before heading towards the back of the house.

Sighing audibly, I shrugged to myself and drank at least half of my drink in one go, knowing it wouldn't patch up the situation, but hoping it might help.

The back yard was crowded, and I struggled to keep up with Billy as he weaved through the mass of people, also attempting to avoid tripping over the many discarded cups that had been left on the floor. Swerving quickly to dodge an elbow that came dangerously close to my face, I lost my footing and grabbed the sleeve of the first arm I saw to regain my balance.

"Steady on there," they laughed, and I felt a hand on my upper arm to keep me upright.

"Sorry," I mumbled, releasing my grip on the arm, attempting to smoothen down the fabric that I had managed to scrunch up in my fist. "Thanks for that though," I looked up, smiling. It was that guy from English, *Darren, Daniel?*

“Anytime. This lot would get a kick from seeing the new girl deck it at Steve’s party,” he added.

“I don’t doubt that at all, thanks for saving my reputation,” I smiled, his hand staying put on my arm.

“There’s not a lot you could do to save your reputation at this point,” he commented with a laugh, and I could feel myself physically retract at his words.

“Uh- I’m not sure I know what you mean,” I said questioningly. I could feel my stomach drop, I hated confrontation, and this felt like it was turning into one.

“I just mean that hanging around with Billy Hargrove automatically gives you a reputation of sorts,” he explained as I moved my arm away from his hand.

“A reputation of what sort?” I asked incredulously, my voice raising slightly.

“C’mon, you know what sort. It’s your first week of school and you’re already hanging around with that kind of guy. There’s only one type of girl that hangs around with a guy like that.”

I had officially decided in my head that I didn’t like this kid. He spoke in a polite tone, as if to justify the bullshit he was coming out with. And the laugh that he added after every sentence was starting to creep me out. I knew I didn’t have many options, if I defended Billy and I, it would make it look like I was doing more than just hanging around with him, and if I defended Billy’s reputation, it would make it look like I had a soft spot for him, which I wasn’t ready to reveal to anybody. Instead, I decided to do the opposite of defend.

“I’m sorry, who even are you?” I retorted.

“We have English together, I’m-“

“David, don’t you have someone else to creep on?” Billy interrupted, figuratively and literally. He had pushed his body in front of mine, standing in the small gap between David and I. Of course, Billy was

much taller than me, but standing with his shoulders back and his chest pushed out slightly, he looked impossibly taller than usual, towering over David.

Most of the people around us in the crowd had turned their attention from the guy on the roof, to Billy and David.

“What’re you gonna do, huh? Beat me up for talking to her?” David taunted, his gaze not leaving Billy’s face once.

“I wouldn’t touch you with a bargepole,” Billy refuted, “But next time I see you make her feel remotely uncomfortable,” he motioned his head towards me, numerous pairs of eyes following to look at me as they watched the scene in front of them unfold, “I won’t hesitate to come down on you like a tonne of bricks.”

“Is that a threat or a promise?” David bit back, eyes narrowing at Billy.

“It’s whatever you want it to be, you piece of—”

“Hey! Hey! What the fuck’s going on here?” A guy with dark hair shouted as he pushed his way through the circle of people that had formed around Billy and David. The two boys stepped back from one another, neither of their gazes faltering from one another.

“Nothing Harrington, leave it,” Billy said through gritted teeth, continuing to intimidate David with his stare. I recognised the Harrington guy from a couple of my classes.

“Alright whatever, just break it up okay? Johnson’s about to jump off the roof and I don’t need you two ruining that for everyone,” he finished.

“It’s hardly my fault that Billy’s girlfriend can’t handle the reputation she’s earned,” David contested, doing his best to rile Billy up. For a moment, I thought Billy was going live up to the stories I’d heard about him and start something when he stepped forwards again, inches from David, but I was wrong.

“Harrington, get this guy as far away from this party as you can before I sort him out myself.”

“Whatever, I’m going,” David announced, to which Steve raised his eyebrows at how easy this had been for him to resolve.

“Be seeing you,” Billy smirked.

David turned and forced his way through the crowd surrounding him, the noise levels having completely died down so people could hear the altercation. As he disappeared around the side of the house, the music started again and people directed their attention back at the guy on the roof.

“Hargrove, what the fuck was that?” Steve asked, “I let you come on the basis that you don’t cause me any trouble.”

“I didn’t cause you any trouble,” Billy argued.

“Yeah, okay. Just don’t go punching people,” Steve said, sounding as if he was not only reminding, but pleading too.

“Don’t tempt me,” Billy replied, a small smile forming on his face. Steve nodded, walking away as people began chanting ‘Johnson’ over and over, urging the guy to make the dive from the roof too the pool.

Just as the boy took a few steps back to prepare for the impossible leap, I felt Billy’s hand on my elbow, and his mouth next to my ear.

“We need to talk.”

Notes for the Chapter:

I am so sorry this took so long for me to get done. I had a dissertation chapter deadline that needed handing in but I managed it! So here we are!

Apologies for the shortness of this one, I thought I was going to be able to get everything I had planned for the party in one chapter but I’ve decided to split it into two!

Let me know if you enjoy it! Comments and Kudos are massively appreciated!

Author's Note:

Let me know what you think! Comments and Kudos
are appreciated!